Cor. Very well.

Doct. Pleaſe you draw neere : louder the muſicke there.

Cor. O my deere father,
Reſtoration hang thy medicine on my lippes,
And let this kiſſe repaire thoſe violent harmes
That my two ſiſters haue in thy reuerence made.

Kent. Kinde and deere Princeſſe.

Cor. Had you not bin their father, theſe white flakes
Had challeng'd pitty of them. Was this a face
To be expoſd againſt the warring windes,
To ſtand againſt the deepe dread bolted thunder,
In the moſt terrible and nimble ſtroke
Of quicke croſſe lightning, to watch poore *Per dv*,
With this thin helme? Mine iniurious dogge,
Though he had bit me, ſhould haue ſtood that night
Againſt my fire, and waſt thou faine (poore father)
To houill thee with ſwine and rogues forlorne,
In ſhort and muſty ſtraw? Alack, alacke,
Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once,
Had not concluded all. He wakes, ſpeake to him.

Doct. Madam do you, tis fitteſt.

C. How does my royal lord? how fares your maieſty

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out a'th graue,
Thou art a ſoule in bliſſe, but I am bound
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do ſcald like molten Lead.

Cor. Sir, know ye me?

Lear. Y'are a ſpirit I know, when did you dye?

Cor. Still, ſtill, farre wide.

Doct. He's ſcarſe awake, let him alone awhile.

Lea. Where haue I bin? where am I? faire day light!
I am mightily abuſd; I ſhould ene dye with pity
To ſee another thus. I know not what to ſay:
I will not ſweare theſe are my hands, let's ſee,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were aſſur'd of my con-
(dition.

Cor. O looke vpon me ſir,
And hold your hands in benediction ore me,

No